der the open sky, in the dark, standing between the trembling walls of a house that is on the point of giving in. I visualize especially the father leaning with all his strength against the door, in the beginning of the drama, to keep the wind from entering. . . .

I have come to consider the days of restlessness, of scruples, and of self-denial as overclouded days on which the sun cannot shine through, on which the past lives more fully than I myself in the present moment; as days of weakness, guilty because of their listlessness.

The Christian religion is above all consoling; it is beautiful especially for this reason. It is not an explanation of things; it is something better. The explanation would touch only the head, and men would merely understand.

But this religion consoles us for an evil that it does not claim to suppress; it is understandable that certain people have preferred to be simply happy. Others wanted to suppress the cause of all sorrows; this was more difficult: great souls wore themselves out in the attempt. Goethe preferred to pay no attention to it; to achieve happiness he turned away from misfortunes. At first one holds this against him because one thinks it was easy, but it is easy only for dried-up souls (and they have no happiness in them), Goethe was not such a soul and he did not do what he did out of harshness. He thought that the sight of his happiness would contribute more to the happiness of others than hard and painful struggles against their misfortune.

Mozart's joy: a joy that you recognize to be lasting. Schumann's joy is feverish, as if it came between two sobs. Mozart's joy is made of serenity, and a phrase of his music is like a calm thought; his simplicity is merely purity. It is a crystalline thing in which all the

emotions play a role, but as if already celestially transposed. '"Moderation consists in feeling emotions as the angels do" (Joubert). To understand that remark completely you must think of Mozart.

The thought of joy must be my constant preoccupation.

I wrote last year, in Munich (this is a detached page that I have just found): "There are not so many important things. I could make my happiness of so little; together with plenty of the pride that comes from depriving myself of the others. The other things! When I have had time to realize their vanity, I shall withdraw into study, In a short while, but first I want to exhaust their bitter taste so that later on no desire for them will come to disturb my quiet hours."

It is now more than a year since I wrote those sentences, and since